

The Musical World.

(PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY AT NOON.)

A RECORD OF THE THEATRES, MUSIC, LITERATURE, FINE ARTS,
FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE, &c.

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SATURDAY, APRIL 10, 1847.

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NOTICE.

Our Subscribers are presented this week with a ROMANCE, composed by ANGELO FINELLI expressly for SIGNOR CARDONI, of Her Majesty's Theatre.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

We promised, in our last, to take a retrospective view of the proceedings at this establishment, up to the present point of the season 1847. When the peculiar difficulties under which Mr. Lumley opened his campaign are taken into consideration, it must be a matter of surprise to every person of reflection, not merely that he should have been able to effect what he has effected, but that he should have contrived to sustain the credit of his establishment at all. Shortly after the conclusion of last season all the great vocalists, with a single exception, who had for so long constituted the main attraction of the establishment, with the majority of its band and chorus, seceded, and constituted the nucleus of a formidable opposition. No manager was ever placed in a more difficult position than Mr. Lumley. The cause of the secession of his company is no business of our's. We have refrained, and shall continue to refrain, from commenting on it. It was enough that the cloud of adversity lowered above his head—big drops burst at intervals—the thunder muttered restlessly, and an awful tempest threatened to explode. In his time of unabated prosperity we were not the thick and thin adherents of Mr. Lumley. We neither courted nor flattered him. We were satisfied, in criticising him fairly, to render our readers and ourselves justice. But as then we were disposed to give him credit for whatever we could praise in his management, much more do we feel inclined, now that the monopoly he once wielded is trampled under foot, to lend him a helping hand. In this spirit we have criticised what has already been effected during the present season, and in this spirit we venture our present remarks. Their sincerity may be tested by examination of our past conduct in relation to Her Majesty's Theatre, and needs no further pleading.

To begin at the beginning—Mr. Lumley's first difficulty was to find substitutes for the band and chorus that had deserted him. The old band had been trained to great efficiency by a conductor of eminent talent and indefatigable industry—Signor Costa, now director of the orchestra at the Royal Italian Opera, the life and soul of the opposing establishment. Mr. Lumley was, as it happened—and it might easily have happened otherwise—very lucky in his choice of a successor to Signor Costa. Perhaps no artist in the country, better qualified for the post by education, taste, and ability, could have been selected than Mr. Balfe. The sequel has guaranteed his efficiency no less than his fidelity and zeal. By judgment and energy little short of magical, in an in-

credibly brief time, Mr. Balfe has filled the empty seats of the orchestra with an army of instrumentalists more numerous than their predecessors, and, if less used to discipline, scarcely less complete and efficient. It would be preposterous to assert that this new band is faultless. There are defects that weaken its power and must be remedied to make it worthy of the part it has to play. In some points it is first-rate, in others it is second-rate, in some it is mediocre, and, in a very few, it is decidedly bad. But, it is not to be supposed that Mr. Balfe is blind to the drawbacks that tell against the perfect ensemble of his orchestra. On the contrary, he observed them at once, and, since the opening of the theatre, has been gradually administering remedies in necessary changes and modifications. He has yet, however, much to do, but he will do it with as small delay as possible. Meanwhile there are elements in his orchestra that make it capable of reaching the highest possible efficiency. Some of the leading instrumentalists of Europe are enrolled among its members. We need but mention the names of Piatti, Lavigne, L'Anglois, Templini, Zeiss, &c., to show the kind of artists who occupy the foremost ranks. Moreover those that remain from the old set number Tolbecque, Nadaud, and other such men among them. It is not, therefore, unreasonable to suppose that in a short time Mr. Lumley's band will be all that the most fastidious connoisseur could reasonably hope for.

The chorus may be disposed of in fewer words. Suffice it that last season, and for many years previous, it was lamentably inefficient, while, at present (thanks to Mr. Balfe) it is a splendid and capable body, worthy of any European establishment; its faults are so few that it would be mere hypercriticism to specialize them. Those who have heard the operas of *La Favorita*, *Lucia di Lammermoor*, *Nino*, *La Sonnambula*, and *Ernani*, during the present season, can testify to its worth.

The band and chorus obtained—essentials in an operatic company more vitally important than managers are apt to suppose, or managers to allow—the question of principal vocalists remained to be solved. *Prima donnas*, and tenors, and baritones, and basses must be hunted up from every corner of musical Europe, to supply the place of those who had seceded. Where were they to be found? Mr. Lumley went abroad, and others in his interest went abroad, and for some months there was a scouring of the continent for singers. Some were engaged, others treated with, some proposed to, others suggested. All the world of London was on tiptoe with anxiety to know what Mr. Lumley had found, and as the coming season cast its shadow before, the desire to see his prospectus was unanimous and invincible; the guesses, speculations, and reports, thereupon were legion. Never, since the birth of the Opera, had so much curiosity prevailed about

the programme of the season's engagements. The press, divided into cliques of Lumleyites and Anti-Lumleyites, issued daily philippics on either side, and reports filled the atmosphere like locusts. At length the prospectus appeared. The public was astonished by its completeness and brilliancy. There was novelty and there was excellence, and an unusual amount of both. We need not recapitulate its contents, which are already so familiar to our readers. The day subsequent to the publication of this prospectus, the press teemed with articles in which its merits were discussed. The Lumleyites lauded it to the skies. The Anti-Lumleyites (who could not deny its superiority) took the very unusual and unwarrantable course of declaring it to be a sham—"mere moonshine." All these matters stand already recorded in our pages, and the consequences thereof. At length the Opera opened, on Tuesday the 16th of February. Three of the new engagements, Gardoni, Superchi, and Bouché, made decided hits—the first mentioned, one of the most decided ever known at the Opera. Madame Sanchioli (a previous year's engagement) was found vastly improved. The quality of the band and chorus, which Balfe had enlisted and trained, was tested by the *encore* of an overture and some choral pieces, an event unusual at the Opera. The whole performance, in short, was on such a scale of efficiency as to set all doubt at rest about Mr. Lumley's chance of being able to weather through the season. We heard some of the oldest *habitués* of the Opera declare that they never remembered so brilliant a first night. *La Favorita* was repeated several times, until the first representation of Verdi's *Nino* brought Coletti, a baritone not unknown to England, but so wonderfully improved that it was nearly the same thing. Coletti made an unquestionable impression, and even the adversaries of Her Majesty's Theatre pronounced him a first-rate artist. Not satisfied with this, Mr. Lumley kept up the fire magnanimously, and in a few days he introduced to us Fraschini, a young Neapolitan tenor of great renown, whom he had secured at a large expense. Fraschini appeared in the *Lucia*. He was received with the utmost favour, and if the majority preferred Gardoni's purer style of singing, this did not make Fraschini's success the less. Subsequently Gardoni appeared in *La Sonnambula*, and in that opera thoroughly fulfilled all the anticipations that had been raised by his *débüt*. He was established a *primo-tenore* of first-rate pretensions. Superchi's appearance in *Ernani* raised him also many degrees higher in public esteem, while Fraschini and Bouché added to their laurels in the same opera. Thus the strength of the opera department was tested before Easter, and proved to surpass all expectations.

In the ballet Mr. Lumley's management has ever been famous. His prospectus this year is more splendid and varied even than usual. At present we have only to record the appearance of two stars in the choregraphic horizon, whom Mr. Lumley has spelled away from sunny Italy—Carolina Rosati and Marie Taglioni. Our opinion of these excellent and charming artists has been given too often to need repetition. They are the heralds of more stars to come—stars that have long twinkled in our hemisphere, whose beams have long been worshipped—and they are beautiful heralds, worthy the honour of announcing the return of their more celebrated sisters of the dance. In a word, the ballet this year promises to surpass all that has preceded it, and this for Mr. Lumley's management is a matter of no small significance.

In the scenic department Mr. Lumley has wisely retained the talented Mr. Marshall, and in this and in all particulars of

the *mise en scène* (with occasional exceptions in respect to the dresses of the subordinates, which are not always in the best taste,) the theatre has manifested remarkable improvement.

Thus far, at least, every item in the prospectus has been fulfilled, with the solitary reserve of Madame Montenegro, who was announced to appear before Easter. But Madame Montenegro has been here some time, and will appear this evening in Verdi's *Idna Foscari*. Are we not, therefore, fully justified in remaining consistent to our frequently urged faith in the whole letter and spirit of Mr. Lumley's programme?

The remainder has yet to be fulfilled. Meanwhile the inimitable Lablache will shortly appear in Donizetti's sparkling opera, *L'Elisir D'Amore*, in which Gardoni's Nemorino will not be the least attraction, and Lucille Grahn will add to the already great attractions of the *ballet* this evening.

So much has been said in disfavour of Mr. Lumley's promises, by certain journalists, that, as impartial "chroniclers," we have thought it just to collect the facts as they have occurred, up to the present moment, and place them before our readers in such order as to enable them to form their own unbiassed judgment. We should be foremost in defending courageous criticism, however severe, for it is of more importance to art that truth should be told than that the interests of any managers should be served. But, when criticism is all on one side it demands rigid examination, in order that so much of it as is true may pass current, and that what is false may be extracted and cast aside.

MUSIC IN MANCHESTER.

(From our own Correspondent, April 3, 1847.)

THE Theatre Royal here was suddenly closed on the 23rd ultimo, by the unforeseen illness of Mr. Macready, but has been opened since to—first of all—a group of imitators of the original Ethiopian Serenaders, rejoicing in the appellation of Ethiopian Harmonists, who commenced their performance on the 25th. Not having much taste for 'nigger' melodies in general, 'Ethiopian' copyists in particular, we did not honour them with a hearing; had it been the original party who first appeared at the St. James's Theatre, Messrs. Pell and Co., we might have gone out of sheer curiosity, as, in their way, we understand they were really clever; but, as Punch says, "we are having a glut of Ethiopians," and the false taste which can give encouragement to such so called 'musical entertainments' well deserved Punch's biting satire, wherein he suggests that at the next performance of 'Otello,' at Her Majesty's Theatre, 'Buffalo gals' should be introduced with Lablache on the bones! To crown the matter, we see in to-day's *Manchester Guardian*, an announcement, for Easter Monday, of a party of 'Female American Serenaders', seven in number! Old Cobbett, some years ago, expressed his dread of the influx of Bavarian broom girls to this country but how was his horror increased on seeing one among the swarms that then came over about to be a mother! "The vermin (as in his coarse style he termed them) besides coming in shoals have absolutely begun to breed here!" This week the Distin Family have given a concert at the Theatre Royal each evening, except Good Friday, we are sorry to, report to thin audiences. Very likely its being Passion Week would prevent many from attending the theatre even at a concert, else their unrivalled talent would, no doubt, have had a better appreciation in Manchester. Their performances, especially in quintets, are truly marvellous; it is the very perfection of horn-playing and cannot be surpassed: they make their sax-horns and sax-tubas discourse most eloquent music, and a most interesting group of performers they appear—the old

man and his four sons; they deserve better success than they have this time met with in Manchester. A Miss Moriatt O'Connor varied the concert by singing some ballads in a pleasing unaffected style, in the last of which (an Irish one) she was *encored*. Macready is re-announced for the 17th instant.

We see, by this day's *Guardian*, also, that the Hargreaves Choral Society have announced the '*Elijah*' for the 20th instant. Principal vocalists:—Miss Birch, Miss Dolby, Mr. Lockey, and Mr. H. Phillips. Staudigl, it appears, has an engagement offered to him to which he has never deigned any reply. The directors have even written to Mr. Lumley for his permission for Staudigl to accept the engagement; the following is his reply:—

Her Majesty's Theatre, March 25, 1847.
"Sir,—I am requested, by Mr. Lumley, to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 22nd instant, and, in reply to say, that however much he might feel inclined to grant the request of the Hargreaves' Choral Society, he is obliged, for the present, to decline making any arrangements for the engagements of *artistes* at Her Majesty's Theatre. I have the honour to be your most obedient servant,
CHARLES THOMPSON.
To CHARLES SEVERN, Esq., Hon. Sec.,
Hargreaves' Choral Society, Manchester."

What can we gather from this? Is Staudigl coming to Her Majesty's Theatre after all—and when? We see that Phillips is engaged in his stead at Exeter Hall also.

Jullien! Verily Jullien is a mighty magician! by the magic of whose wand (or baton) thousands are attracted—so as thousands never went to any concerts before in Manchester—the Distins were here last week giving charming concerts of their kind, yet their marvellous Sax-horns and their wonderful performance on them drew only the most meagre audiences—they had not Jullien to conduct for them! On Monday the 5th instant, Easter Monday, the Free Trade Hall was filled to overflowing, the only extra attraction beyond the very name of Jullien was the fact of his bringing Herr Pischek to appear, for the first time, in public here. He has twice appeared in Manchester before, once each season at the Concert Hall, but the masses for whom Jullien caters had as yet had no opportunity of hearing the great German baritone. Jullien, besides being a magician is a tactician, and of the first order. Who is there can draw as he does? Who can so excite the public mind? With admirable tact he took care, at his last concert here in February, that small hand-bills should be freely distributed to the thousands then present, announcing in his puff preliminary, "The engagement, at great expense, of Herr Pischek!" To effect which, Jullien—the great Jullien himself had to make a special journey to Germany in the month of December last—that a *congé* had been conceded a month earlier than usual—which would enable the Manchester public to hear "The greatest singer on the Lyric stage of Europe, whose voice combines all the qualities of tenor, baritone, and bass, &c. &c. &c., early in April." He next took care to keep attention alive to the fact that Herr Pischek was coming by preliminary advertisements during the month of March—the consequence was that when he did come excitement was at its height and the Free Trade Hall was literally crammed at advanced prices—the promenade being advanced from one shilling to eighteen pence, the gallery from two shillings and sixpence to three shillings and sixpence. All this was done too without any extra attraction in the band—the only names in the programme being the usual ones of König, Collinet, Richardson, and Sonnemberg. There were many absentees as compared with the band he had with him last time. Where were Barret, Baumann, Casolani, Lazarus, Cioffi, Prospere? &c., rehearsing

with Costa at Covent Garden, we presume. Jullien had not altogether omitted to replace these admirable artists and in their place secured some executants of respectability at any rate on such instruments. Who they were did not appear; very likely of the new band at the old Italian Opera. The bassoon we noticed as having a remarkably fine tone. The oboe was well played and then we had three of the first rank who were just as little noticed in the programme as the strangers, viz., Tolbecque, the leader of the Italian Opera at Her Majesty's Theatre, Jarrett on the horn, and Rousselot on the violoncello. In spite of these celebrities, however, and their great conductor, the band did not go so well together, or produce that effect which we have been accustomed to look for at these concerts. Some of the music selected too was anything but good, two pieces especially, we are compelled to find fault with as far below what the same composers have hitherto given us, viz., two waltzes (valse) called a *deux temps*—one "The Olga, or Princess Valse," by Jullien, the other, "Jenny Lind," by König. The first is a sort of ugly copy or imitation of the Bridal Valse, but how vastly inferior! they are both short of melody or beauty of any kind, to our taste. We had some few pieces of good music, Weber's *Euryanthe* (spoilt by a tubby pair of drums) and Beethoven's C minor symphony, the most charming piece of the night, only stinted of strings as all Beethoven's music is at Jullien's concerts. We had also a selection from *Don Giovanni*: but come we now to the feature of the night, Pischek! our expectations had been raised perhaps too high by Jullien's puffs, consequently they were not fully realised. He is a beautiful singer and has a most exquisitely finished delivery, with a voice of amazing flexibility and compass: still we fancied we detected a tendency to vibration or tremulousness, Fornasari's besetting sin, and should have liked a little more of the *sostenuto*, the sustained manner in which Staudigl as a *basso* and Donzelli as a *tenor*, are the finest exemplars we ever heard; the songs he gave us were one from Spohr's *Faust*, "The Chimes;" "My Heart's on the Rhine; and last, not least, his celebrated "Standard Bearer;" the two last were *encored*. He comes again on Tuesday, the 13th, when he is to give "Adelaida," and Jullien is calling in the assistance of the band of the First Royals, who are stationed at our barracks, in order to give effect to his British Army Quadrille: moreover, it is announced as Jullien's Annual Benefit. Whose benefit was it on Easter Monday, Monsieur Jullien? when some five thousand persons were present and when you must have netted a clear £300 at least, but all conquerors must have their reward and why not so great a general as Jullien?

THE AFFINITIES.

from the German of Göthe.

Continued from page 216.

PART II.—CHAPTER IX.

SPRING had come later, but more suddenly and joyously than usual. Ottilia found in the garden the fruit of her foresight; all was budding, putting forth leaves, and blossoming in the proper time. Much that had been prepared in well-arranged beds and green-houses now at once advanced towards nature, which at last worked from without, and all that had to be done and tended was now no longer, as hitherto, a mere hopeful toil, but became a cheerful enjoyment.

But she had to console the gardener on account of many a gap which had arisen among the plants in pots through Luciana's wildness, and the destroyed symmetry of many a crown of foliage. She cheered him up by saying that all would be speedily restored, but he had too deep a feeling, too pure a conception of his craft,

For these grounds of consolation to profit him much. Little as the gardener must be distracted by the fancies and inclinations of others, just as little must the quiet course be interrupted which the plant takes in attaining permanent or transient perfection. The plant resembles wilful men, from whom any thing may be got when they are treated after their own fashion. A calm survey, a quiet consistency, the doing of what is quite suitable in every season, in every hour, is perhaps required of no one more than of a gardener.

The good man promised these qualities in a high degree, and on this account Ottília worked with him so readily, but for some time he had not been able to employ with comfort his peculiar talent. For although he was able to do to perfection all that belonged to the plantation and kitchen-garden, and also all that was required for an ornamental garden in the old style—as indeed one person succeeds more than another in this or that particular—although in the management of an orangery, of flower-bulbs, of pink and auricula cuttings he might have challenged Nature herself, nevertheless the new ornamental trees and fashionable flowers remained in some measure strange to him, while, of the infinite field of botany, which was opening with the time, and the strange names which occur in that science and were buzzing about, he had a sort of dread which made him cross. What his masters had begun to order the year before he looked upon as so much useless expense and extravagance, as he saw many valuable plants leave the premises, and did not stand on remarkably good terms with the market gardeners, who did not serve him with sufficient honesty.

After many attempts he made a sort of plan, in which he was so much the more confirmed by Ottília, as it was properly based on the return of Edward, whose absence in this, and in many other cases, was necessarily considered daily more injurious.

While the plants went on striking root, and putting forth branches, Ottília felt more and more rivetted to the spot. Exactly a year before she had entered as a stranger, as an unimportant being. How much had she acquired since that time! But, alas, since that time how much had she also lost! She had never been so rich and so poor. The feelings of both conditions were interchanged in the same moment, nay, intimately crossed each other, so that she knew no other resource than to seize upon what was close at hand with interest, and even with passion.

All that Edward especially liked, it may be imagined, most strongly attracted her care; nay, why should she not hope that he himself would soon return, that he would, when present, remark with gratitude the careful attention which had been paid him while absent.

But she was made also to act for him in a very different way. She had especially undertaken the care of the child, which she could so much the more immediately attend, as they had resolved not to give it to any nurse, but to rear it with milk and water. In this fine time of year, it was to enjoy the open air, and then she herself liked but to take it out, carrying the sleeping unconscious being between the flowers and blossoms, which would in future smile kindly upon its childhood; between young shrubs and plants, which by their youth seemed destined to grow up with it. When she looked around her, she did not conceal from herself to what a wealthy condition the child was born, for almost all that the eye could perceive in any direction was once to belong to it. Hence how desirable it was that it should grow up before the eyes of its father and mother, and confirm a renewed happy union.

Ottília felt all this so purely, that she thought of it as decidedly real, and at the same time was not sensible for herself. Beneath this clear sky, in this bright sunshine, it became at once plain to her that her love to perfect itself must become completely selfish. She only desired the good of her friend; she believed herself capable of renouncing him, even of never seeing him again, if she only knew that he was happy. But she was quite resolved that she would never belong to another.

Care was taken that the autumn should be as magnificent as the spring. All the so-called summer plants, all that do not cease blooming in autumn, and that boldly unfold themselves in spite of the cold—especially china-asters—were sown in the greatest variety, and now transplanted in all directions, were to form a starry heaven on the earth.

FROM OTTILIA'S DIARY.

A good thought which we have read, something striking which

we have heard, we put down in our diary. But if, at the same time, we take the trouble to extract from the letter of a friend peculiar remarks, original views, passing ingenious expressions, we should become very rich. We put away letters never to read them again, destroy them at last from motives of discretion, and thus the purest and most immediate breath of life vanishes irreparably for us and for others. I propose to supply this omission.

So then the story of the year is again repeated from the beginning. Again, thank God, we are in the prettiest chapter. Violets and mayflowers are like the superscriptions or vignettes; they always make a pleasing impression upon us, when we open them again in the book of life.

We blame the poor, especially those under age, when they lie about the streets and beg. Do we not remark that they are active as soon as something is given them to do? Scarcely does Nature unfold her friendly stores, than the children are at hand to commence a trade. None of them beg; every one offers you a nosegay, which he plucked while you were yet asleep, and the supplicant looks as kindly at you as the gift. No one looks pitiable who feels that he has some right to demand.

Why is the year often so short, often so long? why does it appear so short and so long in the memory? Thus I feel with respect to the past, and nowhere more strikingly than in the garden, where the transient and durable are blended one with another. And yet there is nothing so transient that it does not leave a trace—something of its kind.

We can take pleasure in winter. We fancy we can extend ourselves more freely when the trees stand before us so spirit-like, so transparent. They are nothing, but then they cover nothing. When once buds and blossoms come, we are impatient until the full leaf is put forth, until the landscape embodies itself, and the tree presses towards us as a form.

Everything perfect in its kind must go beyond its kind, must be something else which is incomparable. In many tones the nightingale is still a bird; then it rises above its species, and seems as though it would indicate to the feathered tribe what singing properly is.

A life without love, without the presence of the beloved one, is only a *comédie à tiroir*—a miserable collection of disjointed scenes. We pull them out and push them in again, one after the other, and hasten on to the next. All that appears good and important is but slightly connected. We must always begin anew, and might end anywhere.

(To be continued.)

* * To prevent misunderstanding, it may be stated that the copyright of this translation belongs solely to the translator.

SONNET.

NO. XXIX.

When I was absent from thee, love, my mind
Form'd for itself strange visions of alarm;
Now trembling, lest some unexpected harm
Had smitten the dear treasure left behind;
In dread now, lest returning, I should find
The smile that used to welcome me less warm;
Or, that those eyes had put aside the charm
Which with such magic all my soul could bind.
That fear is gone—it was a childish fear;
And I will e'en confess it was a sin
To doubt the heart thou hast bestowed on me.
But still I know thou wilt forgive me, dear,
Learning that ev'ry anxious thought has been
Of thee alone, although unjust to thee.

N. D.

LOLA MONTEZ AND THE TIMES.

The following letter appeared in *The Times* of Thursday, which we take the liberty of transferring to the columns of our journal, as we have no doubt it will amuse sundry of our readers:—

To the Editor of *The Times*.

"Sir—In consequence of the numerous reports circulated in various papers regarding myself and family, utterly void of foundation or truth, I beg of you, through the medium of your widely circulated journal, to insert the following:—

I was born at Seville in the year 1833; my father was a Spanish officer in the service of Don Carlos; my mother, a lady of Irish extraction, born at the Havannah, and married for the second time to an Irish gentleman, which I suppose is the cause of my being called Irish, and sometimes English, "Betsy Watson," "Mrs. James," &c.

I beg leave to say that my name is Maria Dolores Porris Montez, and I have not now changed that name.

As for my theatrical qualifications, I never had the presumption to think I had any; circumstances obliged me to adopt the stage as a profession, which profession I have now renounced for ever, having become a naturalized Bavarian, and intending in future making Munich my residence.

Trusting that you will give this insertion, I have the honor to remain, sir, your obedient servant,
LOLA MONTEZ.
Munich, March 31.

This, if the letter be authentic, seems to set at rest all doubts concerning the famous dancer's birth-place, and poor Ireland must resign all claims to the honor of her natal corner. There is a chance, however, that the letter is a hoax, and that Lola Montez is in reality thorough-bred Irish, "kin to the Callaghans, Brallaghans, Nowlans and Dowlans likewise." If it be so, we trust she may send over some of her Bavarian profits for her starving countrypeople.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

(From the Family Times.)

A PORTION of our article on Saturday week, reprinted in a publication distributed in her Majesty's Theatre and to the subscribers, has given dire offence to the *Morning Chronicle*. This "champion in brass" takes up the quarrel with a smarting sense that his own weapons have been turned against him; and no greater or more pleasing proof of the efficacy of some of our wholesome hints on that occasion could be afforded, than by the restless readiness with which the *Chronicle* "hastens to the rescue." On Thursday last a whole column was devoted to counter explanation—if explanation were possible, or if not better left alone for the interests of the faction for which the *Chronicle* so encyclopedically contends. Some playful sarcasms which we threw out, as to that gratuitous stringency in disbelief in which the morning print alluded to has indulged ever since Lind was threatened, have told. The shot has evidently gone right through its mark. There is a clean gap through the *Chronicle* sheet—as nearly spherical as the shot-hole of a long eighteen, (if the *Chronicle* be nautical he will understand the a uson), in comparison with the splintering irregularity of a bulky and elephantine cannonade. If the champion be hurt, he must thank himself for his over-officiousness in making himself so prominent in upholding the impossibility of that which he had determined should not be true. Truth is powerful; but surpassing must that power be which controuls Truth!

"Magna est veritas, et prevalebit"

everywhere (except through the spectacles of smoked glass with which official duty compels that the sun of truth should be viewed) at the headquarters of the *Chronicle*. Truth is conquered in the person of the magnificent Lind—bound in chains, and fastened up to the chariot wheels of the grim *Morning Chronicle*, to be paraded before an indiscreetly tasteful public, to show that no such being is there. Rather Irish this, we will acknowledge; but

"They stumble that run fast."

and the disbelievers have proved too much—too many negatives have from time immemorial, in English, proved the affirmative. The pertinacity with which the *Chronicle* "clave to the evil thing," and now endeavour to lay the blame of, upon the poor, unoffending, ill-treated innocent Jenny, may be fine and devoted; but the world, unfortunately, seems to think it was melo-dramatically mistaken. Zeal is glorious, but "discretion tempereth these things." Hatin the *Chronicle* critic ever read Barrow, or Tillotson, or any of our old divines? If not, he may, we opine, do so with some profit. Lind, however, will soon be in London, and we can fancy the puzzled air with which these sapient old gentlemen (be they few or many, or, like Mrs. Malaprop's notions of Cerberus, three gentlemen in one) will examine, and re-examine her, to see if there really be not something diaphanous in the phenomenon—something to fade away—something supernatural conjured up by the dark wit of that wizard, Lumley! We never heard Mr. Lumley called a magician before; but we should not be startled if some of our *Chronicle* philosophers, like the sceptic disputants in the fable, in "viewing" this Swedish "chameleon" (not nightingale) "o'er by candlelight," were with a shudder to announce that Mr. Lumley

"Had call'd spirits from the vasty deep."

and imposed upon the public—a spiritual Lind! not the Lind of flesh and blood—the nightingale of nightingales—the followed, the admired—she who has performed wonders greater than Donna Lolah, and caused the hair of the *Morning Chronicle*

"To grow white

In a single night,

As men's will do with sudden fears."

but a visionary cantatrice, exhaling after performance, and condemning at summons before, like a musical mist, if there could be such a thing! If Jenny Lind be the Egeria visiting the rapt dreams of Mr. Lumley, the critic of the *Chronicle* is the jealous Faun behind the bush, determined to make her out to the populace a visitant from the devil.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

MILAN, MARCH 26th.—The new opera of *Don Carlos*, composed by il Maestro Bona (the libretto written by Signor Giacchetti) was performed on the 23rd instant, and pleased very much. The *Maestro* being called before the curtain seven or eight times to receive the approbation of the audience. The singers were *Marini, Steffenone, Caligolari, Soulergu, and Colmenghi*. Miss Hayes has been singing in a new opera of *Ricco's* at *Venezia*, which by the bye, has made quite a furor; she finishes her engagement with *Merelli* this autumn, and is afterwards engaged to sing at Rome, Naples, and Florence; I can safely say there has been no English singer who has made so great a sensation in Italy as Miss Hayes. We have had a new ballet at the *Scala* by *Jeroi* it has pleased immensely, it is called *Odella*; I think it is the best ballet that *Perrot* has yet produced; no doubt it will be brought out at your old Opera House this season.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

SIR,—I am now going to speak on the final emancipation of the violin bow which has hitherto been in fettered bondage. The unsteadiness of the violin bow is found, by all, a task difficult to overcome, to remedy which many contrivances have been attempted and the best of timber selected, and even, at last, the steel bow made trial of, but all of these have failed to produce the desired effect. The bow is still, like the wild colt, hard to manage. There appeared one man, a few years ago, (Paganini) who was generally acknowledged as a famous artist and controller of the bow, but, I believe, there is still room to pass him, though the thing has not yet been done, nor by some thought possible to ever take place. I have heard a few of the first provincial leaders of concerts who were considered first-rate violinists, but I never much admired any of them, for I have not found any who were capable of giving the fine graceful *adagio* in such a style as I have read of Vioti, and a few others, giving that sort of movement. A few years ago I had the pleasure of being present at a concert given by a German; he came nearest my expectation of any one I ever heard. It was at the very time when Paganini was in this country. This said German had heard Paganini several times and profited much by it; he declared that every time he heard him he appeared to play better and better, and that all that ever he heard besides were fiddlers, himself included, but that Paganini was the violinist. I have had a violin in my use about thirty-five years, and have, in course of that time, played country dances, quadrilles, &c., and likewise a second in the orchestra, also sometimes a first. The master who taught me was aware that this was as far as I could go, because of the unsteadiness of my bow. I now wish to inform you that I have, within the last eight days, made such an improvement in the bow that I could, by a little perseverance, play as delicately, forcibly, brilliantly, &c., as any one I ever heard, and all this may be done by good players in one hour's use of this bow; in fact the effort has only to be made and the thing is done. I am myself astonished at the result of the improvement. Should this bow be introduced to general use, what a revolution would take place in violin music, and what a field would it open for new unthought-of, and endless varieties of most exquisite compositions. We should soon have a host of Paganinis. I have not let any one see the bow, and have but named it to one, a French gentleman, who would feel great pleasure in making it known to his friends at Paris, whom he considers excellent violinists; however, I wish, in the first instance, to name it to you and to have your advice respecting what use might be made of this improvement. A bow on the old principle would admit of the improvement, only that it is too short from the nut downwards by an inch or two. I am, sir, yours most respectfully,

Macclesfield, April 2, 1847.

J. STEWARD, Music Dealer.

Dear Sir, To the Editor of the "Musical World."
GRAND MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

SIR,—As an amateur in music, I have latterly wondered that among the many kindly schemes and efforts made to raise funds in the benevolent attempt to alleviate the distress and misery which abound among our fellow creatures in Ireland and Scotland, but especially the former, that it has not occurred to any of the charitable *élite* of the musical world, to put in return measures for "A Grand Musical Festival," on a large and extended scale,—such festival to be held in Westminster Abbey—that edifice being best adapted for the assemblage of a considerable audience such as would patronise a reunion of this kind, if got up in a proper style and with spirit, as also the character of the building itself would add weight and importance to the affair, which would tell considerably in favour of the receipts at the close of such festival; or, if the abbey should be inaccessible, some other large building. I would suggest one of our principal churches for such an object, the performance to be of course suitable to the sanctity of the edifice.

I think that if a festival could be got up consisting of two or more days performances, the music to be selections from the works of our great masters, and assisted by the splendid talent both native and foreign, with which the town is replete at the present time, and which offers such fair opportunity, I think that a meeting of this kind would go off with the greatest éclat, if managed properly, affording the greatest delight in our musical circles, and what is more, furthering the objects of a charity, which in claiming our sympathy and benevolence has no parallel.

Trusting you will publish as widely as possible the hint of a philanthropist, and that it may have the desired effect.

April 7th, 1847.

I remain, yours obediently,
Geo. F.

To the Editor of the Musical World.
ODDS AND ENDS.

MY DEAR SIR,—One of your subscribers asks this question "Has Corelli, in any passage known, violated in the slightest degree, or departed from, the prescribed laws of harmony?" Surely little experience in musical science is required to answer this question; but as "eta" depends upon your sound musical judgment, I will not presume to answer it. Is any composer free from errors? No, not one. Now as to violating the "prescribed" laws of harmony, I for one, should regret exceedingly if great masters had not, because some of them violate common sense, whilst others are so "prescribed," as to impede the progress of classical instruction.

As I am sure, Mr. Editor, you wish to do full justice to art and artists, permit me to ask whether the conclusion you come to respecting Mr. Costa is not violating the prescribed laws of logic, by inferring that that gentleman's knowledge and appreciation of Beethoven is "unworthy a musician of his standing and pretensions," merely, because he apprehended that repeating both the "scherzo and trio," in Beethoven's choral symphony would tire the audience. You say "during the choral movement there was incessant moving towards the door." Mr. Costa has a keen eye, and doubtless observed the uneasiness of the Philharmonic audience, who, now, seem to prefer the sound of a loud solo instrument in the midst of violins, to the flowing thoughts of either a Haydn, Mozart or Beethoven! I may be mistaken, but I conceive it natural to a disposition like Mr. Costa's, added to his knowledge and experience, to be more capable of conducting the works of the great masters than a man of sombre disposition, or the most egregious master of counterpoint. I conclude by correcting the errors of my last letter. I always lament to read of the extravagant praise awarded to some musicians, &c." "A Passacaglia need not be written in three-four (not fourths) time." It would puzzle even Taglioni, Cerito, &c., to invent dance (not chance) figures, &c." But the writers of the press being more eloquent on the subject of dancing than (not those) profound in their observations on music." Hoping you will pardon me for expressing any opinion adverse to your own,

I remain, my dear sir, your's very truly
FRENCH FLOWERS.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SONS OF APOLLO FRIENDLY SOCIETY OF MUSICIANS.

DEAR SIR,—Having had the pleasure last Friday of dining with the members of the Musical Society, entitled the Sons of Apollo Friendly Society of Musicians, held at the Black Horse Tavern 400 Oxford Street, when sixty gentlemen met to spend their twenty-fourth anniversary, I think this Society only requires to be better known among the Musical Profession to be in a much more flourishing state than it now is, although, it is improving and has been ever since its formation. The

worthy Secretary Mr. Baird, stated, although but eighty members, we had a stock in hand of £1700. The object of the Society is to relieve its members in case of sickness or distress. The greatest praise is due to Mr. Rippin the host, for the superior manner in which the dinner and wines were served. By your noticing this in your publication, you will oblige—Yours respectfully, A SUBSCRIBER, AND A MEMBER OF THE SONS OF APOLLO.

OPENING OF THE ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

THE long pending question has at length been solved; the practicability of establishing a second Italian Opera in London has been guaranteed by the public fiat. Covent Garden, the ancient temple of Shakspeare and his interpreters, re-opened its portals on Tuesday night, after a cessation of some years from the practice of its legitimate vocation.

Our old friend has got a new face, but he wears it bravely. He has grown bigger and taller. The hand of the mason has been upon him. Those parts of him that were diseased and worn out have been lopped off and renovated. He has been washed from head to foot, and newly arrayed in a coat of many colours. His garment is of gold and silver and blue. Quaint and costly are the devices thereof. It was murmured that he would die of the operation, like a patient under the knife of some unskilful chirurgeon. It was stated that an injunction would be crammed down his throat and choke him. But these were fables. Master-mason Beale knew his craft. He surveyed our old friend from head to foot, and found that he was dirty and ill-favored; that parts of him were crumbling into dust; that other parts of him were maimed and impotent; that other parts of him were afflicted with a leprosy. And Beale said "Thou shalt be cured, Oh, Convent-Garden! I will cleanse thee of the filth that defiles thee. I will lave thy aged limbs in clear water, and thou shalt arise fresh and whole, and shalt leap for main joy. The market hard by shall offer thee its fruits, and thou shalt eat thereof and be glad. I will dress thee in a fine garment; and the men shall wonder at thy dignity, and the women shall exult in thy comeliness. No more shall thy cheeks be drenched in tears by the arts of the sad Melpomene; no more shall thy sides be shook by the frolics of the laughing Thalia. Costa shall play thee an overture, and Grisi delight with a song. Apollo shall henceforth be thy deity, and Handel shall stand erect in thy corridors, where Shakspeare towered of yore. Tragedy, and comedy, and pantomime, and farce, shalt thou henceforth abandon. Jullien shall no more disturb thee with the 'sherry cobbler' of his promenades, or the midnight revels of his masquers. Opera shall be thy bride—Italian opera. Thou shalt take her to thine arms, and thy progeny shall be as the sands of the sea. Rossini, Donizetti, Bellini, and Mozart shall be thine adopted, until issue shall arise from thy loins, born in the land of thy birth. Then shalt thou be again changed, and thy name shall be called ENGLISH OPERA!! Costa shall play thee an overture, and Grisi delight thee with a song." And so Master-mason Beale set to work, and hammered, and sawed, and whitewashed, and plastered, and gilded, and painted, and fringed, and hung curtains, and suspended candelabras, and what not. He sent for men cunning in these matters—Albano, and Ferri, and Verardi, *et cetera*. And Costa agreed to play the overture, and Grisi consented to sing the song; and thus, one half of Beale's prophecy was fulfilled. The other half is in the womb of Time, which will bear it in due season.

On Tuesday evening, at half-past six of the clock, we presented ourselves at the portals of the renovated temple. Our credentials were recognised, and the *Chronicle*, arrayed in his holiday dress, signified the path that we should take. We entered, and found our way to a row of seats in the centre of

the pit, amidst the glories of metropolitan periodical literature. Avoiding the precise *milieu*, we resigned the seat under the chandelier (for special reasons) to the Editor of the *Man in the Moon*, whose jibes and pleasantries made the half hours glide jocundly along. The curtain was raised and the stage was dark; bands of carpenters and henchmen were employed with hammers and nails and saws, hammering, nailing, and sawing. Sturdy decorators were carrying *caryatides* to their destinations, and explaining to them their position as supporters of the first tier of boxes. The aspect was dreary on the whole. A couple of rows of candelabras, with wax lights attached to the first and second tiers of boxes, but half illuminated the vast area—and a couple of rows of pit seats, occupied by the men of letters who had been favoured with an injunction to be an hour in advance of the public, in order that their seats and necks might be secured, gave a dreary first prospect of the audience that should fill the theatre. After a space, however, the carpenters ceased carpentering, the *caryatides* were firmly established in their places, and the curtain went down. The house was built.

Shortly before half-past seven, indications of the public's arrival were manifested visibly and audibly. Persons were shot in through the pit entrance as though they were expelled from the mouth of a cannon. They seemed to leap into their places at one bound. At half-past seven the pit was crammed full, the stalls three-parts full, the boxes half full, the amphitheatres and gallery gorged to repletion. Then arose a murmur, low but audible, against the inefficient manner in which the theatre was lighted. All admired the work of M. Albano and his brethren, but they said they should admire it the more for seeing it the plainer. On the other hand there were some who defended the obscurity, on the ground that it was the continental principle of lighting, and tended to give ten-fold vividness to the scenic illusion. In the midst of this jar of opinions a sudden burst of light flooded the whole interior, the huge chandelier suspended from the roof had been fed with its nourishment of gas, and the effect was as of the broad light of day coming immediately after an eclipse. It was impossible for anything to be more striking. The crowd, dazzled and astonished, bellowed and vociferated "like wood men." Shortly after the members of the orchestra came in, one by one, until the whole "eighty" appeared in the fullness of their glory. Of these, regardless of the influence they had exercised in the establishment of the new Opera, the public, strange to say, took no kind of notice. But when Costa, the conductor, entered, the cheers beat the roof for egress, and finding none, populated the entire space with echoes, which begetting the likes of themselves, there was, as it were, a chaos of unutterable noises. Costa bowed courteously and contentedly in acknowledgment of his reception, and again applauded more vehemently, again bowed more courteously than before.

The awful moment had arrived. Costa raised his *baton*, the overture to *Semiramide* began. The power of the hand was soon felt. Excepting—excepting nothing whatever—the overture was played to absolute perfection. There was a torrent of applause but no *encore*, at least none that Costa would accept, for the last chord of the overture was to the pulling up of the curtain, as the flash of lightning to the clap of thunder—only to make the simile hold, the parts must be reversed.

The first *tableau* showed us the intentions of the Covent Garden Company in respect to scenery and decorations. The *coup d'œil* realised the conception of the poet of *Semiramide*, who has indicated "a magnificent temple in honour of Belus,"

in his stage directions. It was superb. But we recognised here, and in the after *tableaux*, the ancient *mise en scene* belonging to the short but memorable dynasty of the Kembles, when *Semiramide* was got up for the gracious Adelaide.

It is not our business here to speak of *Semiramide*. The event we are recording is the opening of the Royal Italian Opera, not the representation of a new work. For those who are unacquainted with the plot, we let these few words suffice to explain it:—After the unnatural death of Ninus, King of Assyria, his widow, the famous Semiramis, in order to satisfy the people, who are impatiently waiting the choice of a successor, tenders her hand in marriage to Arsaces, in the hopes of retaining the crown through her nuptials with the young warrior; but as the event is on the point of being accomplished, the shade of Ninus appears in the vestibules of the palace, and, like the Dane of Shakspeare, calls for vengeance on his murderer, delegating Arsaces as his avenger.

The sequel we borrow from the Royal Italian Opera programme, a *brochure* by no means so elegant as that issued at Her Majesty's Theatre, but preferable on account of its abstaining from controversy and criticism.

"The appearance of the Royal Spectre freezes with terror the soul of the guilty Semiramide, and the perfidious Assur, who, at the instigation of the beautiful Queen, and in the hope of eventually ascending the throne of Assyria, had nefariously taken his Sovereign's life. Remorse seizes on the soul of the guilty wife, and in hope of expiating her crime, she resolves on repudiating Assur, and making choice of Arsace; but she knows not that the Arsace, whom she so passionately loves, is her son. Arsace, to whom the high priest has confided the secret of his birth, swears to avenge his father's death—he seeks out Assur to immolate him to the shade of Ninus. In lieu of Assur, however, he meets Semiramide, and kills her in mistake."

The opera is in two acts. It was Rossini's first essay at *opera seria* on a grand scale, and if it may not rank among his chiefest master-pieces, it certainly contains some of his best music. Its faults lie in the redundancy of its style, exemplified in the length and frequency of uninteresting recitatives, and the constant occurrence of pieces of a trivial character, spun out to inordinate length, and utterly at variance with the sentiment of the scene. Of these the overture, many of the airs, and the majority of the duets, are instances. And yet, being written in the *ad captandum* style, the popularity of the opera holds by these pieces as an expiring swimmer by the straws that lie on the surface of the water. But the finest and most musical portions of *Semiramide* are the choruses, concerted pieces, and finales, which are conceived and executed in Rossini's highest manner. In the *finale* to the first act, there are parts to which the name of Mozart might have been affixed without danger of suspicion, and many of the orchestral effects are brilliant and magnificent. It is quite a mistake to suppose that the heaviness of which *Semiramide* has been accused, not unreasonably, derives from the serious portions of the music. On the contrary, it is the abundance of the lighter pieces, and their dramatic impropriety, which induces a *tedium* that seldom fails to arise from the ineffective and unnatural intermixture of conflicting elements. Be that as it may, *Semiramide* is now so well known as to be beyond the pale of criticism—that is, of periodical criticism, for we have strong doubts whether it will survive long enough to undergo the examination of posterity.

In the first scene, Oroë, chief of the Magi, and Idreno, King of India, introduced us to two of the Royal Italian Opera troupe, new to this country—Signor Lavia and Signor Tagliafico, the first a tenor, the second a bass. They are neither of them sufficiently remarkable to warrant a detailed notice, though both of them, and especially the latter, are

likely to prove useful in the subordinate parts. It is enough to say that the tenor is a tenor, and the bass a bass.

The part of Assur devolved upon Signor Tamburini, its admirable representative at Her Majesty's Theatre in the olden time. The appearance of this great dramatic singer, after four years absence from the country, was the signal for cheers, loud, unanimous, and long lasting—so generous and warm, indeed, that the artist was sensibly affected, and trembled with emotion as he bowed his acknowledgments. As by this time the stalls and boxes were all filled, and not a vacant corner was to be seen in the house, a very impressive effect was involved in this hearty recognition of an old and deserving favourite. Tamburini's voice and style have very slightly changed. Perhaps the extreme upper notes of his register, the E flat, E natural, and F, are obtained with less ease than of old, and are less clear and full; but all that facility of vocalising for which he was remarkable before, is as remarkable now as ever, and in his acting we cannot see the slightest falling off. The *Morning Post*, looking at the great artist through its opera glass, may take a different view from ours—but opinions, delivered through the medium of such a criticism as that on the Royal Italian Opera, on Wednesday morning, will have small weight with the public, and will do small good to the journal. It is enough for us to state, and the public will believe us, that throughout his performance on Tuesday evening, Signor Tamburini sang and acted like himself—and we cannot pay him a higher compliment. We must also tender him our acknowledgments for restoring one of the finest scenes in the opera (the last but one of the second act)—that in which Assur, attempting to enter the tomb of Ninus, is terrified and dissuaded by the appearance of the ghost of the murdered monarch. This scene offers a very fine opportunity for the display of the united qualities of the actor and singer, of which Signor Tamburini admirably availed himself. His portrayal of terror, despair, and a stricken conscience, was as fine as consummate dramatic art could make it. It told immensely with the audience, who recalled him on the stage with one voice.

It were a hopeless taste to attempt a verbal description of the enthusiastic acclamations that greeted the *entrée* of the Semiramide, the *Diva*, the admirable Grisi. Words cannot paint it, and the pen drops from the hand in despair. Looking young, beautiful, commanding and attractive as ever—full of health and energy, and spirits—Grisi, the inimitable Grisi, who may well disdain all rivalry, while she is her gracious and incomparable self—sang and acted the part of the imperious queen of Babylon, with the grandeur, animation, vivacity, and consummate art which have won for her the undisputed and undisputable title of the Queen of Dramatic Song. Her great points in this, one of her greatest parts, are well known, and we have but to say that she lost not one, but rather endowed them all with threefold force and expression. She was rapturously applauded throughout, and recalled by the audience on several occasions. In a word, Grisi was Grisi. Can we say more? No!

We have now to speak of Mademoiselle Alboni, the great novelty of the night. The debut of this lady was as brilliant as that of Rubini in the *Pirata*, many years ago, which we always count as one of the most exciting scenes our memory has packed up to be recalled when required. Mlle. Alboni is a legitimate *contralto*. Her voice, which extends in compass from G below the staff to B flat in *alt.*, has the honeyed mellowness of quality that appertains to the *contralto* character to an extraordinary degree. Her tones are ripe, full, and sonorous. A group of notes falling from her

throat has upon the ear much the effect that a bunch of heavy, drooping, juicy grapes would have upon the eye. The mouth waters for their very lusciousness. Her execution is marvellous for a *contralto*, and her command of the upper notes, which have the same effect as the *false alto* of a tenor, is really astonishing. Her style is overflowing with passionate expression, which, in the *cantabile*, sometimes leads her into exaggeration—particularly exemplified by her excessive use of the *legato* and the *glissando* (a term we use for the want of a better) method of taking the more distant intervals—but in the *cabaletta*, where she has no time to hyperbolize, her correct expression, energetic manner, and faultless execution, her chaste and exquisite use of ornament, her finished method of rounding and completing the cadences, are worthy of the highest admiration. In her air, "In sì barbara sciagura," we observed the redundancy of expression we have noted; but in the famous duet, "Giorno d'orrore," with Grisi, we never heard more perfect vocalisation, or more irreproachable taste. The former was encoored tumultuously, and the *cabaletta* of the latter, in which Grisi's inimitable *mezza voce* singing was worth a whole opera in itself, received a similar compliment. Mlle. Alboni was recalled after both pieces, amidst deafening applause. No hit could have been more decided. The first few notes that commence the recitative, "Eccomi alfine in Babilonia," on her entry, gave indications of her rare physical qualities, and before the end of the recitative, the grandeur and finish of her style were made manifest. That at the end of the opera she had established her right to a place among the first mistresses of Italian song, was the unanimous opinion of all present.

Our general impression of the performance of *Semiramide* was highly favorable. The band was in almost all respects admirable. Signor Costa, here in his proper element, proved his supremacy by the absolute control he exercised over his forces, ensuring every nuance of expression from *fortissimo* to *pianissimo*, in *crescendo* or in *rallentando*, in *affretando* or in *diminuendo*, as though the entire orchestra were but one instrument on which he performed himself alone. The chorus, too, which was powerful, numerous and efficient, was equally under his control, and conjoined its efforts to those of the band, as though there were not two parties, but one. The accompaniments to the vocal solos were distinguished alike for their delicacy and decisive accentuation. Another thing to be enlogised, and for this Signor Costa is entitled to the credit, is the restoration of almost all that belongs to Rossini's score, there being nothing omitted except some scenes in which Azema, a third female character (the mistress of Arsace) of very subordinate interest, is conspicuous. The curtailment of all that relates to Azema, has, by custom, become traditional, and the interest attached to her share of the music is so small, that few will complain of the loss of it. In conclusion, we have seldom witnessed, perhaps never, a more satisfactory musical and dramatic performance than that of *Semiramide* on Tuesday night—satisfactory no less on account of its completeness than of its minute attention to detail. The opera concluded, the three great artists, Alboni, Tamburini, and Grisi, were re-called before the curtain and enthusiastically cheered, a profusion of bouquets being administered to the ladies.

After the opera, which was not over till nearly twelve o'clock, a *ballet* in two *tableaux*, the composition of M. Albert, a gentleman of high repute in his profession, was produced, but did not make so great a hit as the opera. The materials are slender enough. The caprices of Cora, the favourite slave of Prince Mirkan, who, like all oriental potentates, keeps a

harem—her infringement upon the etiquette of the harem, going so far as to break the *meerschum* pipe of the Prince—the anger of the latter—the disdain of Cora—the pretended infidelity of Prince Mirkan—the purchase of four new slaves for his harem—the dancing of these for his delight—his undelight at their dancing—the appearance of a fifth, veiled—the dancing of the fifth for his delight—his delight at her dancing—the unveiling of the unknown dancer—the discovery that it is Cora—the reconciliation of the Prince and his favourite—the purchase by Cora, and liberation by Cora of the four slaves—and the usual end of such matters. This ballet has no pretensions, but it is elegantly put upon the stage, and the dancing of Madlle. Fleury, in Cora, is exquisitely graceful and characteristic. Madlle. Fleury does not please so much by the wonders of agility as by elegance and of manner and charming unaffectedness of deportment. She was greatly applauded, and with reason. Madlle. Neodot, who, like Madlle. Fleury, is already known to this country through the enterprise of Mr. Bunn, also distinguished herself highly in a *pas de deux* with Madlle. Bertin (we believe), and the corps of odalisques. A *pas de quatre*, by Madlles. Aurioi, Delechaux, Stephan, and Demelisse, attracted some attention. But the gem of the ballet was Madlle. Fleury's *Sevillana*, a spirited national dance, performed with the utmost *naïveté* and abandon.

M. M. Gontier and Mobile, dancers of some pretension, also added to the attractions of the evening. M. O'Bryan, as Caleb the pirate and slave merchant, acted with great truth and intelligence, and showed himself a thorough master of the exigencies of the scene. The music, by M. Curmi, is light and sparkling enough, and the scenery, by Messrs. Grieve and Telbin, is worthy of their experienced brushes. On the whole, however, the ballet was not on a par with the musical department; but we expect much from a new one, announced for the debut of Dumilatre, who is well-known to us, and will receive a hearty welcome.

It was long past one before the performances had concluded, and half the audience had departed ere the termination of the ballet. But all exceptions made that can possibly be made, the opening of the Royal Italian Opera was an event that will long be fresh in the memory of the public. The novelty and splendour of the theatre itself, designed and completed in so short a space of time, and the perfection of the operatic representation in almost every respect constituted a theme for comment which is likely to endure for the life time of each individual member of the mighty crowd assembled.

On Thursday the same performances were repeated, with increased effect, the same reception and the same applause being awarded to the artists. To-night there will be no change, but on Tuesday the *Lucia di Lammermoor*, with Persiani, Salvi, and Ronconi, will be given, and a second batch of the company will be tested. The *Italiana* of Rossini is announced, a piece of news that will gratify every lover of the early compositions of the "Swan of Pesaro." Mario will make his first appearance in *Puritani* on Saturday next, with Griel, Ronconi, and Tamburini.

Ere concluding, we may state, that the death of Mr. Moralt has raised Mr. Hill, our best tenor-player, to the part of first tenor in the orchestra, Mr. Hill's place being taken by Mr. Thomas.

CONCERTS.

MADAME DULCKEN'S MATINEE MUSICALE.—The third of these entertainments took place on Wednesday last, when Madame

Dulcken performed a selection of pieces remarkable for their variety and their excellence. There was a Quartet of Ries, Hummel's Quintet in E flat minor, Weber's *Invitation pour la Valse*, a study of Thalberg, and Beethoven's Sonata in B flat, one of the least generally known, but one of the most melodious and beautiful he ever wrote. In all of these she displayed her great command of the instrument to advantage, and her playing wanted on this occasion none of that finish for which it has often been so justly praised, while it had enough of style to prove her a first rate artist. In the concerted pieces, Mr. Blagrove on the violin, Mr. Westlake on the tenor, Mr. Hausmann on the violoncello, and Mr. C Severn on the double-bass played with their accustomed success. Mr. L. Schulz executed a fantasia on the guitar, as only he could execute it, and it is happy for the art that he stands thus unrivalled, for were there many who could do on the guitar what he does, we fear it would be before long forced into the bit of musical instruments to which we cannot at present think it legitimately belongs. The vocal music was supported by Mr. Manvers, Mr. Kneipel, and Madame G. A. Macfarren, and was all accompanied by Mr. Kuhe, with the exception of a "Winterlied" of Mendelssohn, in which Madame Macfarren accompanied herself. This was a perfect gem, brimful of character, and to us quite a novelty: this fair vocalist deserves our thanks for bringing it to light, and she owes no less to the song than we owe to her, for it gave her a great opportunity for the display of her beautiful voice and true musical feeling. We must not omit to mention one of Mr. Macfarren's MS. German canzonets, which produced more effect than any other vocal piece of the morning, which was chiefly attributed to his wife's excellent singing. The matinee was most fashionably attended.

CLASSICAL CONCERTS, GREENWICH.—The fourth meeting of the third annual series of these entertainments, took place at the Lecture Hall on Wednesday evening, under the direction of Mr. Carte. The concert consisted of a selection from the works of Sir Henry Bishop, and was conducted by the composer. The principal vocalists were Miss Birch, Miss M. B. Hawes, Miss Thornton; and the Messrs. Lockey, Machin, Barnby, Wetherbee, and Soubridge. Between the parts, Mr. Rockstro performed a fantasia on the pianoforte, and Mr. Henry Blagrove a solo on the violin. Mr. Carte, who is the head and front of these entertainments, is deserving of much commendation for the care and time he has expended on them.

MR. FREDERICK CHATTERTON'S "First Grand Concert this season,"—so entitled in the bills—was given at the Sadler's Wells Theatre last week. The Concert was certainly a Grand Concert for that neighbourhood, and must have startled the unaccustomed communities of the Islington whereabouts by the novelty of the entertainment, as well as by the importation of so many vocal celebrities. Verily Sadler's Wells is treading closely on the steps of the aristocratic districts, and if it goes on progressing in the same ratio, we may augur of its galling the kibes of May Fair or St. James's before many seasons have run their rounds. The Concert was divided into three parts. This seems to have settled down into the proper allotment of portions in a concert by the modern *beneficaires*, and certainly the extent of most programmes warrants or rather necessitates such a division. Formerly *quality* was the moving power of all entertainments, both musical and theatrical: now it would seem that *quantity* rather than *quality* is the requisite, or *denominator*, especially in entertainments of music. Her Majesty's Theatre first set the example, having the first necessity, and with so infallible an authority staring us in the face, we do not feel ourselves inclined to quarrel with the introduction of *long nights*. Well, then, Mr. Frederick Chatterton's Concert was a very long one, and was very properly apportioned into three sections; but it was also a very good concert; though so long, it did not weary the audience. The chief vocalists as Miss Birch, Madame F. Lablache, The Braham, Mr. Harrison, Signor F. Lablache and John Parry, to which we may add the lesser lights, though not unshining, of the Misses. Allen, Steele, Moriatt O'Connor, and Mary Rose; with Messrs. Henry Smith, Genge, N. J. Sporie, and Furtado. The solo instrumentalists were Herr Koenig, (Cornet); Miss Kate Loder, (piano); Miss Day, (piano); Mr. Carte (Flute); Mr. Willy, (violin); Mr. Sedgwick, (concertina); and Mr. Frederick Chatterton, (harp). The conductors were Mr. Louis Leo and Mr. J. H. Willy. The Concert containing upwards of forty *morceaux*, our readers will perceive at once the inutility of giving more than a few selections from the performances. In the first part, we admired most the *fantasia* on the Gothic harp, very finely played by Mr. Chatterton; the "Casta Diva" of Miss Birch;

Rossini's *Tarentella*, an admirable performance by F. Lablache, and a Scotch Ballad by Madame F. Lablache. We must not omit recording our gratification on hearing Miss Mary Rose a second time in Meyerbeer's very difficult cavatina, "Robert toi que j'aime." We, however, cannot help feeling that the choice of this aria for a debutante is somewhat venturesome; nevertheless, we would not presume to dictate to so good a supervisor as Mr. Louis Leo. In part second, a duet of Donizetti's by Madame and Signor F. Lablache, a solo on the Boehm Flute, "The Return" from Roch-Albert's Maritime Melodies, for voice and cornet, performed by Miss Birch and Herr Koenig; a grand duet for two pianofortes, by the Misses Kate Loder and Day, and an aria buffa from *Cenerentola*, by F. Lablache, were among the performances most favorably received. We must not forget the patriarch Braham, who was received with thunders of applause in "The Bay of Biscay," and a duet with Miss Birch. The third part, consisting entirely of performances by the Lantumi Ethiopian Serenaders, calls for no particular notice.

DRAMATIC INTELLIGENCE.

DRURY LANE.—This theatre was crowded to excess in every part on Monday night, the attraction being Wallace's favourite opera, *Maritana*, and the new grand oriental spectacle, *The Desert*; or, *the Imaun's Daughter*. The extraordinary preparation for the spectacle, so widely circulated and made known through various channels to the public, excited great expectation among the spectators. Although great attention was paid to the opera and several *encores* honoured the singers, it was apparent each anxious eye looked for the great event of the evening. Accordingly, when the curtain rose on the first scene, the feelings of anxiety and suspense, so long circumscribed, found a vent for their escape in tumultuous cheers for a very splendid scenic representation of the exterior of the Grand Temple of Mecca, illuminated by hundreds of lamps. The next scene, the Ruins of an Ancient Egyptian Tower, was equally applauded. The Desert scene was the grand *coup* of the first act. Here was observed the arrival of the caravan, escorted by troops of mounted guards, with twelve camels, conducting the litter of Princess Ipomaye, (Miss Messent) and other attendants and followers, till the stage was literally covered. The effect of this scene was brilliant and imposing, and was received with tremendous applause by the audience. The caravan halts and is attacked by Bedouin Arabs, the troops resist, and in the midst of the *mêlée* the Simoon, or Wind of Fire, rises, and threatens all with destruction. The rising of the sand was managed with extraordinary effect. In the second act, the Desert (by star-light) presented one of the most beautiful scenes we have ever witnessed at old Drury, and is entirely worthy of this great establishment. A dance, of an Arabian character, called "*La Fantasia Araba and Danza delle Almee*," was introduced here, the music being selected from Felicien David's *Le Desert*. The executants comprised nearly the whole female department of the Drury Lane ballet company, including the Mesdemoiselles Louise, Adele, Giubilei, Les Socurs St. Louin, &c. &c. The dance was greatly applauded. Last scene of all represented the Arch of Triumph conducting to the Euphrates, through which passed a grand procession, accompanied by a brass band, escorting the Prince of Persia, (Mr. Rafter) in a gorgeous nuptial chariot, drawn by two elephants, and attended by more than fifty horses, in conjunction with all the camels, forming altogether, as the bills truthfully indicated, one of the most magnificent cavalcades ever presented to the public. The principal portion of the music was taken from *Le Desert*, the chief vocalists being Miss Messent, Mr. Rafter, and Miss Rebecca Isaacs. Miss Messent was very happy in the cavatina, "Sweet Charity," which she delivered with much taste and feeling. She was also excellent in the aria, "Nearer as we approach." Mr. Rafter deserves honourable mention for his share in the vocal department. We

must not forget Miss Rebecca Isaacs, who sang a "Lament" very charmingly. The chorus was numerous and efficient. The story to which Monsieur David's music is wedded, and to which all the horses, the twelve camels, the two gigantic elephants, (by the way, two small elephants would be a greater curiosity) and the retinue, *ad infinitum*, have been appended, is taken from *Lalla Rookh*, Miss Messent performing the tulip-cheek princess under another appellation, and Mr. Rafter taking the prince minstrel, Feramorz, with merely a different cognomen, while Harley's Fuzzel Oola is no less a personage than our dearly beloved Fadladeen in disguise. We must not forget to name the inimitable acting of Harley in the old tom-fool courtier. The audience roared with laughter every time he appeared. His self-important look and swagger were exquisitely comic. We do not remember any production of this kind involving such complication of scenery, machinery, and so many intricacies of stage tactics, which went so smoothly on its first representation. Every credit is due to the manager for the care and money he has expended in getting up this really Elephantine Spectacle. We hope such liberality will meet with all the favour it deserves from the public.

HAYMARKET.—The Easter entertainment of this theatre is an entirely new and original, classical, astronomical, quizzical, polytechnical, experimental, operatical and pantomimical extravaganza, rejoicing in the title of *The New Planet*, or *Harlequin out of Place*. It was produced on Monday night with great splendour in the scenery, decorations, and appointments, and was very successful. *The New Planet* is indited by Mr. Planché, author of *Fortunio* and *The Invisible Prince*. The entire fable of the piece is grounded on an invitation given by the New Planet to all her brotherhood and sisterhood of the Solar System, and when they arrive, instead of partaking of refreshment, or amusement, Mother Earth invites them to see her territories, which, without any reason, they all accept, omitting Jupiter and Juno for classical reasons assigned, and Vesta for an obvious one. They all depart, and Mercury, transformed into Harlequin, shows them the London sights. This is the whole construction and interest of the *New Planet*. It is interspersed with considerably too great a quantity of music. In regard to the writing, we remember no production of Mr. Planché's more full of good things. It is quite overstocked with new and happy hits, which told very well with the audience. Several of the scenes received great applause, especially the view of London by moonlight at the Colosseum, which was an admirable specimen of scenic painting. The introduction of the Spirits of the two rival Opera houses was a happy idea, but much of its point was lost by being put to music. Miss Reynolds is much improved, sung with great taste, and was deservedly encored in her scenes from *Norma*. Miss P. Horton introduced a ballad, a burlesque on "Molly Bawn," "O, Jenny Lind! why laye me pinin?" which this lady gave with careful enunciation, though we hardly say so much for her in all her music. This ballad was deservedly encored, being exceedingly well sung, and having so nicely seized on one of the noisiest topics of the day. We must not forget to name Miss P. Horton's capital singing in a travestie on "Una Voce," which was given with great effect, and in a manner that told us of great improvement in the fair artist. Mr. Buckstone was extremely amusing as Harlequin. Mr. Bland's Mars was a small part, but he made much of it. If the music was abridged, the *New Planet* would be considerably improved. The house was very full.

FRENCH PLAYS.—On Monday, we hailed with delight the return of Mademoiselle Rose Chéri. Few actresses have

succeeded in gaining popularity so suddenly, and very few have known how to draw so closely the tie which unites the artist to the public. It needs but little judgment to discover the reason of this sympathy, of this *entente cordiale* between the parties; the actress, on the one hand, is intelligent, pretty, and natural; and on the other, the public, although occasionally apt to be led away by false pathos and brilliant declamation, feels its error when the real thing is set before it, and appreciates so much the more highly what is true and unaffected. Mademoiselle Rose Chéri is not a dramatic actress, yet her efforts are decidedly dramatic; for she can draw tears from the eyes, and cause the heart to heave, without any of the straining of our ordinary melo-dramatic queens. She has all the vivacity of a Déjazet, all her humour and *naturel*, but is decidedly more lady-like in her manners. After *Le Secret du Ménage*, a three-act piece, in verse, an importation from the *Théâtre Français*, in which Madame Duluc, Mademoiselle Angèle, and Monsieur Langeval played in the most satisfactory manner, we had *Un Changement de Main*, brought out at this theatre last year, and a new piece, written expressly for Mademoiselle Rose Chéri, by M. Scribe. Both pieces are clever, the dialogue is smart, and the allusions witty and judicious. The first is an episode in the history of Elizabeth, empress of Russia, and turns upon the sudden elevation to power and favour of the unfortunate Alexis Romanowski. A slight outline of the plot may prove acceptable to our readers. Alexis has had an intrigue with the wife of a certain Count Schuvaloff, minister of the police, and through the influence of the latter, is sent to a fortress; here he gains the affections of all the inmates, and is on excellent terms with the governor and his daughter, who give him an opportunity to effect his escape. He profits by it to deliver a prisoner brought into the fortress on the previous night, and who is no other than the natural son of Peter the Great, whom the zealous Elizabeth had confined in a dungeon for more than ten years. On the discovery of the prisoner's escape, the governor gives himself up for lost, but the generous Alexis steps forward and impersonates the prince; for some time the secret remains undiscovered, the false prince finds favour in the eyes of the empress, and profits by the opportunity to advance his own private affairs, by relating the intrigue of the minister's wife, and obtaining his own release from prison; but the storm at last bursts, and he is condemned to death, not so much on account of his crime, as of the jealousy which the empress had conceived against Foedora, the governor's daughter. Luckily the tables are again turned, he proves his attachment to have been nothing more than brotherly affection, and he obtains his pardon; and here the *Changement de Main* takes place. We shall not venture to explain in what the change consists, such things had better be touched with a light hand; and our neighbours are judicious enough to convey their meaning without entering into detail, still more difficult to render in English. The piece was excellently played. Mademoiselle Rose Chéri's Elizabeth was a *chef d'œuvre* of dramatic art—overflowing with humour at once—unctuous and quiet. Mademoiselle Vallée was in the highest degree graceful and attractive in the part of Foedora. M.M. Duméry and Langeval, the former especially, contributed much to the success of the piece. M. Rhozevil is decidedly one of the most useful actors attached to this theatre and there is a distinction in all he does that raises him far above the common. *La Protégée Sans le Savoir*, is decidedly an acquisition to the repertoire of the French plays. It is written with all the neatness and elegance of M. Scribe's versatile and ready pen, and abounds in wit of the most refined and delicate order. *Hélène* is an

orphan, left with no resource but her pencil, her position has been considerably ameliorated through the generosity of a benevolent nobleman, Lord Albert Clavering, who buys up all her pictures, unknown to her, at very high prices. This excites the astonishment of Durocher, her former master, and he conceives suspicion against the innocence of his pupil. He soon discovers how matters stand, and insists upon their prompt termination. This brings the parties to their senses and they now find that gratitude on one side and benevolence on the other had gradually ripened into love. Lord Albert, although engaged to another lady, offers his hand to *Hélène* and is accepted with joy. At this juncture he receives a letter, which reveals the ruin of the lady's father, and he finds himself bound in honour not to break his contract at such a moment, and in this he is seconded by *Hélène*, although she is almost broken-hearted. A certain Lord Tressilian, who figures in the piece as an amusing English fop, had gained the affection of the lady in question and elopes with her, leaving a letter in which he offers to give any satisfaction to Lord Albert; but Lord Albert could not be better satisfied than by the news which this letter discloses and the turn which matters have taken. The marriage of the peer and the poor orphan is newly covenanted and the piece ends. M. Cartigny was admirable as Durocher, the French painter, who is not over fond of the English, but who still finds much to admire and esteem in them. The allusions were well taken by the English part of the audience and although, at times very severe, excited no feelings but those of good-humoured hilarity. Nothing could have been more exquisitely natural than Mademoiselle Rose Chéri's impersonation of *Hélène*, it is decidedly one of her most charming performances and embodies to the life the graceful creation of M. Scribe. In pathos and in gaiety Mademoiselle Chéri is equally effective, and her acting altogether betrays an absence of all effort which is of itself a wonderful charm. M. Rhozevil played the part of Clavering with true sentiment and gentlemanly bearing, to which M. Pascal's pleasant effrontery in Tressilian formed a very happy contrast. Both these pieces were repeated on Wednesday to a crowded house. Among Mademoiselle Chéri's next performances will be the celebrated *Clarisse* (founded on Jules Janin's version of *Clarissa Harlowe*) which was so very successful in Paris. We are most anxious to see this charming and intelligent actress in this part. J. de C.

ADELPHI.—The management of this house had recourse to no novelties to uphold the festive time of Easter. It has thought it more prudent, or more politic, to adhere to the *Flowers of the Forest*, and the *Phantom Dancers*. Certain the last piece has had a long run, but nevertheless, it is still fresh as a two year old, and will rattle along for many a night yet. The splendour of its scenery, and the captivating acting of Madame Celeste, independent of its written merits, must insure frequent repetition of the *Phantom Dancers*. The *Flowers of the Forest* is one of Mr. Buckstone's best dramas, and has obtained great success for the Adelphi. The house has been crammed in every part during the week, and the two performances were visited with vociferous applause.

PRINCESS'S.—Auber's opera of the *Barcarole* was produced on Monday night at this theatre for the first time in England. Our crowded columns this week preclude us from noticing the opera at any length. We have therefore determined to postpone our review until the ensuing number.

After the *Barcarole*, the *Midsummer Night's Dream* was produced with considerable splendour, and in a style of completeness, that would reflect credit on any management. All the resources of the theatre were made available, and the operatic, serious, comic, and ballet bands conjoined their forces to make one great whole. The cast of characters was excellent. Compton played Bottom

with inimitable humour, making the part ridiculous and laughable in the extreme, without having recourse to the slightest tinge of exaggeration. We have seen nothing of the kind more exquisite than his death scene as Pyramus. Mr. S. Cowell's Flute was almost equally good. Nothing could be better than his performance of Thisbe in the play. Indeed all the "hard-handed artisans" were as well supported as could be desired. The cast of, what may be termed the serious portion of the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, if not so good as the comic, was meritorious. Mr. Henry Hughes played Theseus very cleverly, though inclining a little servilely to mimic a modern actor. He read the part with correct emphasis and nice enunciation. Mr. James Vining was good as Lysander, as was also Mr. C. Fisher as Demetrius. Of the ladies, our award of prior excellence must needs go to Mrs. Stirling, who performed the charming *Hermia* most charmingly, and left but little to be desired. If this lady would endeavour to eschew a certain familiarity of tone and manner that pervades all her serious performances, she would, if she succeeded, find herself considerably elevated in public estimation. Mrs. Stirling is one of our especial favourites, but still there is too much of the free and easy tone in her voice and manner, to make her all we could desire, or all she might be, in the higher walks of acting. Mrs. H. Hughes, who obtained a great reception, has apparently talent, but was a deal too lachrymose in *Helena*. She had a tear for nearly every word, and a piteous moan for every look. This style of acting is, to us, intolerable. Mrs. H. Hughes was dressed in a style that by no means commanded our admiration. Miss Winstanley, from the provinces, made her first appearance in *Hippolyta*. She has a fine person, and rather an expressive countenance. She seemed natural and easy, and delivered the little she had to speak—the chief portion of this character being omitted—with point and clearness. The mythological parts were very strongly cast. Miss Sara Flower was the Oberon, Miss Anne Romer, Titania, Miss Marshall, Puck, and the Misses Georgiana Smithson, E. Honner, and L. Marshall, principal Fairies. The music was selected from Mendelssohn, T. Cooke, C. Horn, and Edward Loder. Mendelssohn's overture was performed previous to the play. The vocal music, on the whole, did not go well. Some of the *morceaux* were insipid in the extreme; some only bad, some indifferent, and some good. An aria, by Miss Anne Romer, "Come, wait upon him," struck us as being the best vocal specimen of the piece. We did not hear it previously, but from the character of its melody, and its orchestral points, we ascribe it at once to Mr. Edward Loder. It is a pity that the manager, who must have expended a large sum in getting up the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, did not bring it out with all Mendelssohn's music. The music appended to the piece, at present, has very little claim on our interest, if we except the song alluded to above, and some *petit morceaux* of Mendelssohn, scattered throughout. The scenery was most excellent. One of the scenes, a lake beside a wood near Athens, was very beautiful, as is also Titania's bower, with the water-fall adjacent. The appointments and decorations were in keeping with the scenery, while the machinery and changes were managed with great effect. The double gauze curtain, let down while Puck was leading Lysander and Demetrius astray, gave a dreamy appearance to the scene that told well. Of the vocalists, we would select Miss Sara Flower and Miss Anne Romer as worthy of great commendation; nor can we conclude without a warm testimonial in praise of Miss Marshall's Puck. The house was very full, and the performance vehemently applauded throughout.

THE LYCEUM.—A new drama from the popular pen of Mr. Shirley Brookes, was on Thursday produced at this theatre. It was called *The Creole*, and was principally founded upon those prejudices of blood and colour which exercised such a striking influence over the local passions of the Mauritius at the time that island belonged to the French government. The play touched more upon the serious than has generally been the custom with the productions of this author. The plot was carefully and neatly constructed, and what farce was introduced was in good and subdued taste. Mrs. Keeley had an eccentric serious character, which she played as Mrs. Keeley alone can play, and was admirably supported by Keeley himself, Frank Matthews, Emery, Leigh Murray, and little Mary Keeley, who sang a charming song of

Alexander Lee's, called "Waves of Gold in Music breaking," with great feeling. The scenery was beautiful and did that very clever artist, Phillips, and his coadjutors great credit. The piece, which was preceded by a pleasant overture by the composer of the song, met with deserved success.

PROVINCIAL.

MISS EMILY GRANT.—We are glad to see this young lady's debut at the Manchester Harmonic Society, in Haydn's "Seasons," performed on Wednesday last, at the Free Trade Hall, on the Society's last free dress concert of the season, to an audience of upwards of 2000 persons. She was most successful, and loud and enthusiastic was the encore which she unanimously received in the song "There was a Squire," though coming at the conclusion of the performances.—*Sheffield Iris*.

A NEW CHORAL SOCIETY has been organised out of the dispersed materials of the former Philharmonic (7) which, as most of our readers are aware, expired with the effort made to get out of debt by a grand performance last Summer, and from a want of harmony and unity of purpose among many of its professional members. The new society we believe, is established upon a different basis, and we hope will attain to more fortunate results. The members are to meet for practice every Thursday evening, and it is proposed to give four public concerts during the year, should there appear any disposition on the part of our resident gentry to encourage such a design. Mr. Packwood has undertaken the laborious and troublesome office of Honorary Secretary, and Mr. R. Butt that of leader.—*The Cheltenham Looker-on*.

MANCHESTER.—(From our own Correspondent.)—The eighth and last ordinary meeting of the Gentlemen's Glee Club, for its 16th season, was held on Thursday the 1st instant, when a very good selection of glees and chorusses, from the works of Attwood, Sir H. R. Bishop, T. Cooke, Clifton, Spohr, were performed by our resident vocalists; the club-room was not so full as usual, which may be attributed to the meeting occurring in Passion Week, and the unwonted severity of the weather, which was as bitter a night of snow and frost as any we had in the depth of winter. The Ladies' night, or dress concert is fixed for Thursday the 22nd, for which Mrs. Sunderland is engaged.

FARNHAM.—The organ of the Church has been closed for several weeks, to admit of its undergoing thorough repair. New stops are added, and other improvements have taken place materially to the advantage of the instrument. Mr. Walker, of Francis Street, Tottenham Court Road, was employed as renovator. The Farnham organ now contains great organ stop, diapason, 2 open ditto, principal flute twelfth, fifteenth, sesquialtra, mixture and trumpet. In the swell double diapason, stop D, open ditto, principal, fifteenth sesquialtra, trumpet, and hautboy. In the choir, stop, diapason, open ditto, dulciana, principal fifteenth, cremona and flute, it has also 1½ octave pedal pipes, composition pedals, couplers, &c. and is now a very fine instrument. Mr. Thomas Baynam, the organist, re-opened the instrument on Sunday, when there was a very large congregation, who were greatly pleased and much surprised at the improvements. Mr. Thomas Baynam played some voluntaries in a masterly style, which tended in no small degree to exhibit the excellencies of the instrument.

EXETER.—(From a Correspondent.)—The Messrs. Smith, music sellers of this city, gave a grand concert on Monday evening at the Subscription Rooms, which brought together a large concourse of people. The principal attraction of the evening was Madame Bishop, whose coming was looked upon by the Exeter folk as a great treat. Our old friend, John Parry, was also engaged, and added no little to the interest of the evening's entertainment. The other singers were the Messrs. Callway, Avent, Carpenter, and Branscombe, all good men and true, and who only require their names to be more widely disseminated to be better known. Madame Bishop, on entering the orchestra, was most warmly applauded. She looked extremely well, and was most magnificently dressed, wearing a profusion of jewels, which, we understood, were presented to her by various continental Potentates. Madame Bishop's singing is highly dramatic. Her voice has a silvery quality, and is extremely clear. She executes passages with surprising facility, and is altogether a most highly finished artist. Her singing produced a great effect. She was encored three times. Madame Bishop's last performance of the evening was the grand scena from *Tancredi*, which she sang in costume, and delivered in such a manner as to call forth vehement cheering. John was of course encored in all he sung, and made the audience scream with laughter. He is a great favorite everywhere. On Tuesday the Ball, rendered memorable by the controversy between the Bishop of Exeter and the Mayor, was held in the Subscription Rooms, and was exceedingly well supported.

MEASHAM MUSICAL FESTIVAL.—The annual concert at this village took place on Monday last, when the Messiah was performed by a band and chorus of about seventy musicians. Mr. Webb, of Aston, led, and Mr. H. Dennis, of Measham, conducted on the occasion, and both ably filled the difficult positions assigned them. The latter deserves especial notice for the firmness and excellent superintendence he displayed, which added much to the successful performance of the oratorio. The principal vocalists were Messrs. Gough and Pursall, of Birmingham, and Mr. Branstom and Miss Waldrom, of Leicester. Miss Waldrom had, consequently, to undertake the whole, and was deservedly applauded throughout by the audience. Mr. Gough's bass songs also met with a similar reception. He possesses a fine voice. In the alto song, "O thou that trilest," Mr. G. Smith, of Leicester, was unexpectedly called upon to sing, and acquitted himself very creditably. The choruses went off with great force and precision. The attendance was very good, every place being filled up where a view of the orchestra could be obtained. Every one appeared to be well satisfied, and the projectors deserve great praise for the excellent arrangements in every department.—*Leicester Journal.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

TESTIMONIAL TO MR. D'ALMAINE.—Last week Mr. Mackinlay gave a dinner in Soho-square to a number of gentlemen connected with the musical profession, who had subscribed towards a testimonial, which was presented on the occasion to Mr. D'Almaine, the eminent music publisher, on his retirement from business after a period of fifty years. The testimonial, which consisted of a very elegant candelabra, was presented by Sir George Smart, in a very neat address to Mr. D'Almaine, who acknowledged the honour and kindness conferred on him, in a very feeling manner. In returning thanks, after his health had been proposed, Sir Henry Bishop spoke in the warmest terms of Mr. D'Almaine's kindness to him from his earliest musical career; and he gave instances of the little acquaintance theatrical managers, in general, had with music: for his "Tramp Chorus" in the *Knight of Sweden*, the "Chough and Crow" in *Guy Rammerey*, and "Mynheer Van Dunck" in the *Law of Java*, were cut out at the rehearsals; but on strong remonstrances being made, they were, at the eleventh hour, allowed to be sung. Need we add how universally popular these three fine compositions became. Professor Taylor, in proposing Mr. Mackinlay's health, paid him many compliments for his taste and talent, and wished him prosperity as the worthy nephew of a worthy uncle. In the course of the evening the following compositions, by Sir H. Bishop, were sung, accompanied by the composer, "Sleep, gentle lady," "Come, thou monarch of the vine," and "Mynheer Van Dunck," by Messrs. Barnby, Handel Gear, Parry, J. C. Addison, Milson, E. Taylor, and Muchin; the latter sang a couple of songs extremely well, accompanied by George Kailmark, and the evening passed off most delightfully; and, to Mr. D'Almaine, it must have been highly gratifying to receive, at the hands of so many old friends and associates, such a memento of their respect and esteem.

MR. BRAHAM, Signor F. Lablache, Sterndale Bennett, Signor Emiliani, Miss Rainforth, the Misses Williams, Miss M. B. Hawes, and several vocalists will attend the festival of the Royal Society of Musicians, on the 19th inst., at which the gallant Lord Saltoun will preside.

ANCIENT CONCERTS.—We have heard that Madame Castellan, Madame Caradori, Miss Dolby, Gardoni, and Staudigl, will sing at the Ancient Concert, on the 21st inst., which will be under the direction of the Duke of Wellington.

IT is more than probable that H. R. H. Prince Albert will be installed at Cambridge early in July; the commencement will begin on the 3rd, and the ode will be performed on the 6th, should the ceremony take place.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY, EXETER HALL.—The first performance of Mendelssohn's "Elijah" is fixed for Friday next. The composer will direct the orchestra on the occasion.

MR. BUNN.—We are delighted to inform our readers that the enterprising manager of Drury Lane is still to govern the fortunes of the temple in Russell-street. Mr. Bunn continues the leaseholdship of the theatre for a term, the length of which has not transpired. The longer the better.

MADemoiselle RACHEL.—After all the rumours industriously spread about the impossibility of the great French Tragedian coming to London this season, we are happy to state that such reports are entirely unfounded, and to announce that Madlle. Rachel will come to the St. James's theatre to fulfil her stipulated engagement with Mr. Mitchell.

MR. WILSON.—Has been giving his entertainments with his usual success in Scotland, since his return from Paris, and during the past week has been singing in Berwick, Newcastle, Sheffield, and Derby, on his way to London, where he is to commence his entertainments next Monday in his old quarters in the Music Hall, Store Street.

MRS. NISBETT will re-appear at the Haymarket Theatre on Monday next in Sheridan Knowles's comedy of the *Love Chase*. **HERB. STAUDIGL** has arrived in London.

MADemoiselle CERITO and **M. ST. LEON** are hourly expected.

ADOLPH.—A new opera buffa, or local sketch called *Jenny Lind*, will be produced at this theatre on Monday next, in which Messrs. Wright, Paul Bedford, and Miss Woolgar will perform.

MADAME PLEYEL.—This celebrated pianist will arrive in England in the middle of the present month. She has been playing at the Court, and the *Concerts de la Cour*, at Brussels, with her usual brilliant success.

MUSICAL CRITICISMS.—(From *Punch*).—We attended on Monday evening last, one of those cheering reunions in Coventry-street which owe their existence to the energy of the celebrated virtuoso Blowaway, whose fame on the trombone is quite metropolitan. These meetings may be considered as now firmly established; and there is an indescribable charm about them, for they combine the graces of a fete champêtre with the most delicious banquet of harmony. The executants stand in a line, the audience forming a sort of social circle round them, so that there is none of the stiffness complained of in those great musical meetings at the Hanover Square, and other rooms hitherto confined to concert purposes. The programme of Monday was not merely promising, but it was positively luscious. It offered a rich treat to the scholar and the mere dilettante, for this has been the happy medium always hit by Blowaway. The first piece was a Polka in A, B, C, from the Hop 82 of Jullien. Every note of this was deliciously rendered by the executants. Every virtuoso knows what an ophycleide is in the mouth of Brown; and on this occasion it was more remarkable than ever for breadth and largeness. Tunks on the triangle, exhibited all the wonderful scholarship with which he invariably touches the tender instrument. We rather trembled for him in the magnificent scherzo, but he came out gloriously, and his fellow executants winked their approbation, in the true spirit of artists who are beyond all professional jealousy.

Blowaway's trombone passages were almost appalling from their intensity. He threw out his instrument to its fullest extent in the stupendous largo, until we fancied we were in the presence of some mighty magician, who was overwhelming us with some potent spell, which it was impossible to stand against. Rumble was a little uncertain on the drum, as if he were nervous at the outset in attacking such a work as Jullien's Hop 82; but he soon warmed up, and made the parchment tell gloriously in the strettas, though his drumstick became a little flat towards the end, from excess of energy. Tweedle took the piccolo in the absence of Bopham, whose neatness was much wanted in the gush of learning which opens the ninth bar, and continues till near the end of the morceau, when a perfect shower of semiquavers prepare us for the grand effect of six consecutive appoggiature, terminating in two triplets, ten arpeggios, and a bar of minims. Those only who know what Tweedle can do with the wood, when seconded by Blowaway on the brass, will be able to form a conception of this wondrous passage in the mouths of two such executants. The virtuoso were enraptured, when—Here we regret to say our criticism is brought to a close by the abrupt termination of the concert. A sudden movement in A, of the police, conducted by Sergeant Strapper, with his baton in hand as chef d'attaque, dispersed the executants at once, to the great disappointment of the dilettanti, who were reluctantly compelled to separate.

MADAME BOURDIN has been appointed teacher of dancing to the Prince of Wales and the Princess Royal. This lady was formerly instructress to her Majesty in this elegant accomplishment.

Mr. JOHN PARRY has been singing during the week, at Exeter, Salisbury, Wigan, and Manchester, and he is engaged to sing at Leicester, Liverpool, Bath and other places, next week.

Mr. JAMES McCALLA died on Saturday last; he was a member of the Royal Society of Musicians, and has left five orphan children, whose mother died last year.

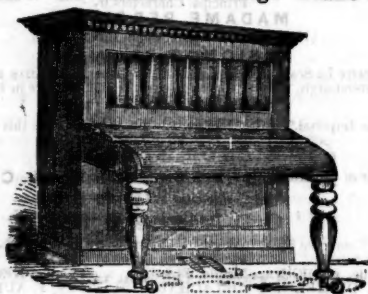
TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A letter addressed to Professor Walmisley, Trinity College, Cambridge, will be the best mode of ascertaining the regulations to be observed in regard to Musical degrees.

A SUBSCRIBER, (Lincoln).—A composer has a right to a song, published on his own account, for forty-two years; and should he die before that period expires, his family will have the same right up to that time, from its first publication. Persons purchasing books or music from authors or composers, possess the same right, provided they have been published since the recent new act respecting copyright.

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Barclay and Sons, Farringdon-street; Sutton and Co., Bow Churchyard; W. Edwards and Newbery and Sons, St. Paul's Churchyard; Sanger, and Districts and Hannay, Oxford-street; and retail by all respectable Chemists in the Kingdom.

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By order of the Executors, the valuable Collection of Music, including the Works of Handel, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Purcell, and La Frobe.

A fine assemblage of Glee and Madrigals; an excellent copy of Marcello's *Patris, &c.*; the whole neatly bound, and in perfect condition. The LIBRARY, WINE, and ENGRAVINGS will follow on the same day. To be viewed on Thursday preceding, and Catalogues had of Messrs. WINSTANLEY, Paternoster Row, and at the place of sale.

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REGISTERED VIOLIN AND TENOR HOLDER.

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COVENT



GARDEN.

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Rossini's Grand Opera Series

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SEMIRAMIDE MADAME GRISI,
(Her third appearance this season).

ARSACE M. ALBONI,
(Of the Theatre La Scala, Milan, and of the Imperial Theatre in Vienna, her third
appearance in this country).

IORENO SIGNOR LAVIA,
(Of the Theatre San Carlo, Naples, his third appearance in this country).

ORON SIGNOR TAGLIAFICO,
(Of the Italian Opera, Paris, his third appearance in this country); and

ASSUR SIGNOR TAMBURINI,
(His third appearance in this country these four years).

Composer, Director of the Music, and Conductor, M. COSTA.

To conclude with a new Ballet, in two Tableaux, entitled

L'ODALISQUE.

Composed by M. Albert. The Music by Signor Curmi.

PREMIERE TABLEAU—

Les Odalisques Pas de Deux Nouveau . . . MADLLE. DE MELISSE,
(Of the Imperial Theatre, Vienna).

M. NEODOT, (of the Theatre Royal, Madrid).

Pas Seul Nouveau . . . M. FLEURY,

SECOND TABLEAU—Grand Pas de Quatre des Esclaves Violées.—MESDILLES
DELACHAUX, STEPHAN, DEMELISSE AND F. AURIOL.

Pas de Deux Nouveau . . M. A. MOBILE, AND MDLLE. BADERNA.
Pas Espagnol, La Servillano . . MDLLE. FLEURY.

Pas de Deux Nouveau . . M. GONTIE AND MDLLE. NEODOT.
Director of the Ballet, M. ALBERT.

Tickets, Stalls, and Boxes, for the night or season, to be obtained at the Box-
office; and at Messrs. Cramer, Beale, and Co.'s, 201, Regent-street. The doors
will be opened at half-past seven o'clock, and the performance to commence at
Eight.

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Chorus will consist of upwards of 500 members of Mr. Hullah's Upper Singing
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are requested to apply at Exeter Hall, during the Rehearsal on Tuesday evening,
between eight and ten o'clock.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.

Notice.—It is expected that every Visitor will appear in Evening Dress; this
regulation will be strictly enforced in all parts of the house, excepting the Second
Amphitheatre and Gallery.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.

The Subscribers are respectfully informed, that the Opera of
SEMIRAMIDE will be repeated this Evening.

On Tuesday, April 13th, will be performed the Opera of
LUCIA DI LAMMERMOOR,
when Madame PERSIANI, Signor SALVI, and Signor RONCONI will make their debut.
Signor MARIO will make his debut on Saturday, April 17th, in the Opera of
I PURITANI,

in which Madame GRISI, Signor RONCONI, and Signor TAMBURINI will perform.
In rehearsal, Rossini's Opera of

L'ITALIANA IN ALGERI,
in which Signor ROVERE and Signor MARINI will make their debut, and in which
Madlle. ALBONI and Signor SALVI will also perform.—The debut of Madlle.
STEFANONI and Madame RONCONI will be forthwith arranged.

A new Ballet is in active preparation, in which Madlle. DUMILATRE will
make her first appearance this season.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.

The Nobility, Gentry, and Subscribers are respectfully informed, that on
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LUCIA DI LAMMERMOOR.

Principal Characters by

MADAME PERSIANI,

(Her first appearance these three years).

SIGNOR SALVI,

(Of the Theatre La Scala in Milan, and of the Imperial Theatres in Vienna and
St. Petersburg, his first appearance on the Italian Stage in England.)

SIGNOR POLININI,

AND

SIGNOR RONCONI.

Director of the Music, Composer, and Conductor . . . M. COSTA.

To conclude with the new Ballet of

L'ODALISQUE.

Composed by M. ALBERT. The Music by Signor CURMI.

Principal Characters by

Madlle. BADERNA, Madlle. FLEURY, and Madlle. NEODOT.
Mesdilles. DE MELISSE, DELACHAUX, STEPHAN, F. AURIOL, &c.
M. GONTIE, M. MABILLE, M. ALBERT, M. O'BRYAN.

Tickets, Stalls, and Boxes, for the night or season, to be obtained at the Box-
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On Saturday, April 17th, will be performed the Opera of

I PURITANI.

The principal characters by Madame GRISI, Signor MARIO (his first appearance
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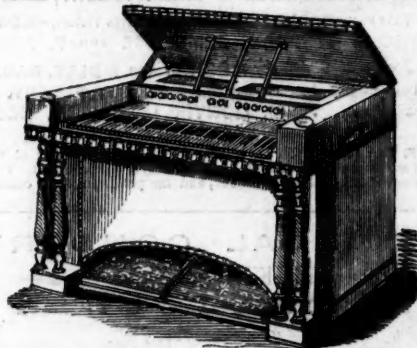
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